

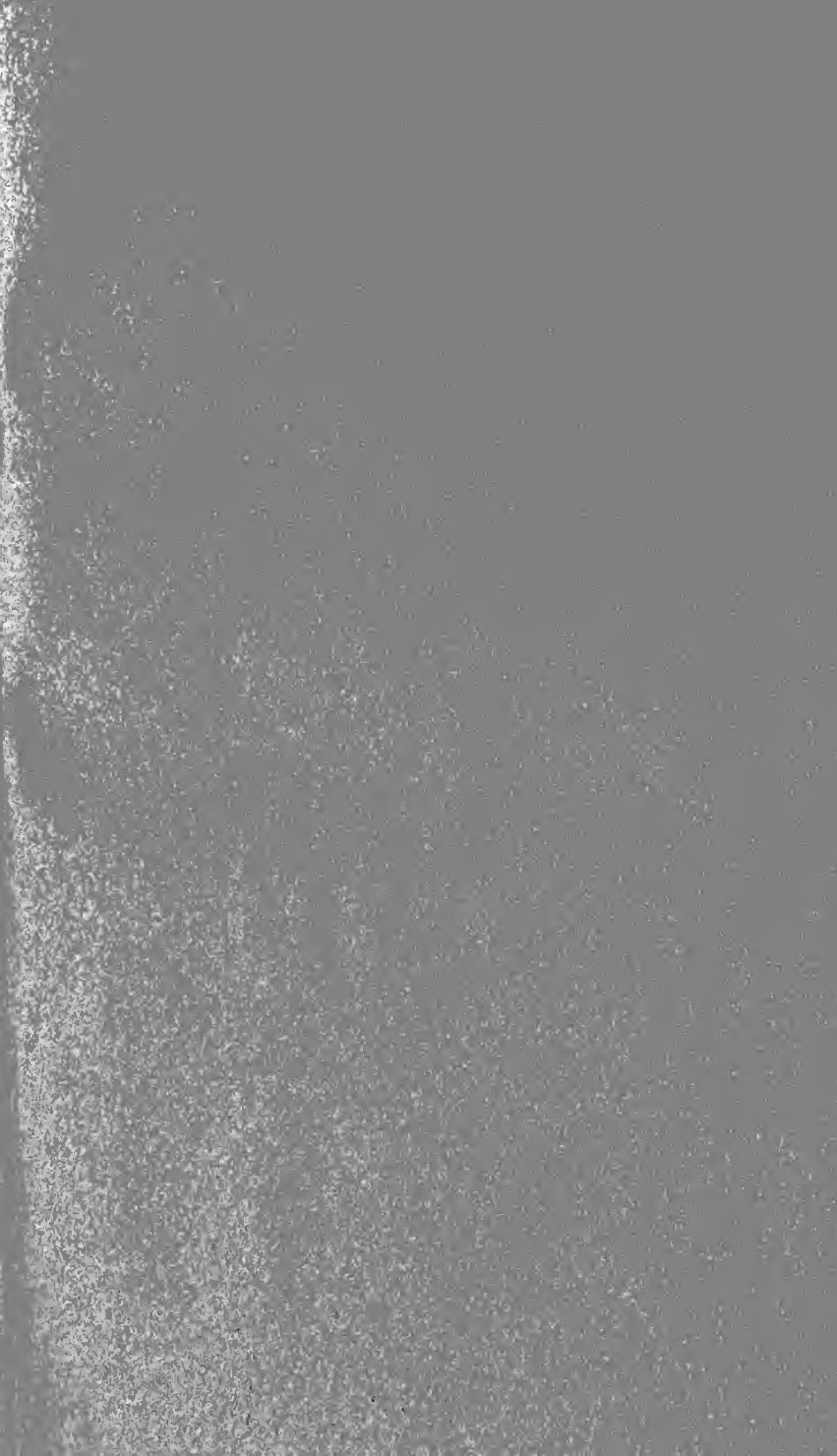
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THE

# Groans of the Talents ;

OR,

PRIVATE SENTIMENTS

ON

## PUBLIC OCCURRENCES.

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IN SIX EPISTLES

FROM  
 CERTAIN EX-MINISTERS TO THEIR COLLEAGUES,  
 MOST WONDERFULLY INTERCEPTED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED  
 NOTES,  
 CRITICAL, EXPLANATORY, AND EDIFYING.

---

Non tali INGENIO nec defensoribus istis,  
 Tempus egit.

VIRGIL.

So spake th' apostate ANGELS, though in pain ;  
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair.—MILTON.

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London :

PRINTED FOR TIPPER & RICHARDS,  
 LEADENHALL-STREET.

By J. D. Dewick, Aldersgate-street,

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1807.





## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

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THE Public will easily perceive that we obtained possession of the following INTERCEPTED Epistles by no dishonorable means.

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## P R E F A C E.

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ACTUATED by no motive but the love of our Country, the Advocates, not of Party, but of genuine Patriotism ; and the Foes, not of any particular set of men, but of disloyalty, arrogance, and imbecility, we offer the following pages to the world with that confidence which rectitude of intention universally inspires. Our subject,

however is of that nature which never fails to provoke the literary drones of servility and faction; and the public will, most probably, be informed, through the medium of a *Letter to the Earl of Moira*\*, or some other *equally novel* and interesting channel, that we are the most unprincipled

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\* The press was recently glutted with letters addressed to this vain but amiable nobleman; one of which, and that too the vilest and most contemptible of the whole collection, was imprudently stated to be published *by authority*; the author signs himself (we hope, for the honor of the profession, unjustly) "A BARRISTER." This *would-be-learned* gentleman attempted to prove, that the P. of W. could do no wrong, and that Mr. Sh\_\_\_\_\_n was the most *immaculate of honest men*, but only succeeded in proving himself an illiterate blockhead.

and slanderous knaves that ever wielded the scourge of Satire.

Those who write on political subjects must not expect their works to be criticised with impartiality; for the spirit of party has infused itself into all those periodical publications which pretend to direct, but which in reality are only calculated to mislead, the public taste. An author is never tried by the laws of wit and science, but is condemned or applauded accordingly as his political principles agree or disagree with those of his monthly arbiters; and it would be equally ridiculous for any man to suffer his judg-

ment to be influenced by the opinions of Reviewers, as by the dramatic criticisms in the columns of the *NEWS*.\*

Perhaps the tide of party rancour never rose higher than at the present moment: even the respect due to the virtues, person, and authority of our Sovereign, has been sacrificed at the shrine of factious and disappointed party.

We are free to confess, that when the late Administration came into office, a majority of the nation, in con-

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\* A Sunday Newspaper, whose criticisms on the drama are *sometimes*, laughable, *always* illiberal, and *never* just.

junction with *themselves*, were loud in the praises of their Talents, but Horace very justly observes,

“ Unius assis

Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante

Judice, quem nôsti, pöpulo, qui stuluts honores

Sæpe dat indignis, et famæ servit ineptus.”

For ourselves, however, we must declare that, although we *had* a high opinion of the sturdy patriotism of a G----lle and a S----r, we beheld with deep regret their coalition with men of discordant principles; and foreboded nothing but imbecility and evil from the *monstrous* union.

Happy had it been for England, if the Almighty had arrested the arm of

Death when raised against the illustrious and incorruptible William Pitt.

“ Cui pudor, et justitiæ soror

Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas.

Quando ullum invenient parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,”

The chief political enemy of this great man survived him not many months, but liv'd sufficiently long to be an additional example to the nation, that those who are loudest in their professions of patriotism, are generally the most forward in the practice of tyranny.

Robespierre, Marat, and even the present little monster of the French, were the *deep-mouth'd* champions of liberty, until they had the opportunity



of becoming tyrants ; and Mr. -----, while out of office, was continually raving about the Rights of the People, which, on his accession to power, he violated by two of the most flagrant acts of despotism that ever corrupt minister had the temerity to adopt.

Mr. -----, fortunately for the remnant of his tatter'd reputation, is no more, but we may now expect to see his *worthy* disciples revert to their former disgraceful practices ; and, should Heaven, happily for these realms, preserve the life of our gracious Sovereign till another general election, we venture to predict, that they

will have the effrontery to become, once more, the advocates of anarchy and Sir F. B---tt: yea, and also (if they can thereby embarrass his Majesty's councils) of impeachment, and James Paull. Consistency of conduct can never be expected from such characters, and yet the effects of their conduct have hitherto proved most *disgracefully* consistent. Whether in or out of office, whether as brawling patriots, or arbitrary ministers, they have uniformly caused uneasiness to their M--n--ch, and embarrassment to his government. Still, however, they have, in one solitary achieve-

ment, merited the warmest gratitude of their country. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that we allude to their recent *political suicide*.

We consider the *humanity* and *policy* of the Slave Trade Abolition Bill to be extremely problematical, and even if any beneficial consequences should ultimately result from that bold experiment, the merit will be solely due to its original promoters, of whose integrity and humane intentions there can be no difference of opinion ; but what can be thought of that man's purity, who, when the measure was first agitated, commis-

sioned a person in the West Indies to purchase every slave that could be met with, that they might be re-sold at a considerable profit when the African trade should cease, and then stood up to reprobate this “*detestable traffic in human beings?*” Gentle reader, if you doubt the existence of such a man, seek him among the *noble* members of the Whig Club, and you will doubt no longer.

Of the present ministers, we shall only observe, that they possess our unlimited confidence, for we cannot but augur that vigor and decision will mark the conduct of men who

have never suffered their opinions to be shaken by popular clamour, nor attempted to establish a meretricious reputation by *imposing on public credulity.*

have never uttered their opinions to  
 be taken as the popular claimant; nor  
 and to establish a reputation  
 reputation by the study of the  
 daily.

THE  
GROANS OF THE TALENTS.

---

EPISTLE I.

---

FROM THE RIGHT HON. L—D E——E TO THE  
RIGHT HON. L—D H—Y P—Y.

---

Donec labantes consilio *patres*\*  
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,  
Interque *mœrentes* amicos,  
*Egregius* properaret *exul*.

HOR. LIB. 3. V. 5.

1.

DEAR P—Y, *I* am sick at heart,  
*I* fear we've play'd a foolish part ;  
*I'm* vex'd beyond expression ;  
*I* lik'd my station *monstrous* well :  
*I* hate, as *I* do flames of h—ll,  
My forcible egression.†

---

\* Senatores.

† *My forcible egression.*] The epithet *forcible* is extremely natural for a Law Lord to adopt, and surely it is equally correct

## 2.

*I* little thought, when *I* approv'd \*

The bill which H——k lately mov'd,

*I* should so shortly rue it.

*I* vow *I* would, had *I* suspected

That we should *all* be thus ejected,

Rather be d——d than do it.\*

to talk of a *forcible egression* as a *forcible entry*; for an explanation of which, *vide* Jac. Law. Dict.—Black. Com.—Vin. Ab.—Co. Inst.—Hal. P. C.—Hawk. P. C. &c. &c.; that is, if you can understand what authors these *vulgar* contractions are meant to express.

\* *I little thought, when I approv'd, &c.*] We imagine his Lordship only wishes to be understood, that he so far approved the measure, as to have promised not to oppose it in the House of L—ds, and no farther; this is the only way we can reconcile the sentence with his public declarations.

† *I vow I would, had I suspected*

*That we should all be thus ejected,*

*Rather be d——d than do it.*

The *learned* Lord is here guilty of some trifling confusion of moods and tenses, but the sublimity with which it enables him to conclude the stanza is more than a sufficient excuse for any grammatical error.



## 3.

Seated on the Bench so high,  
 In the K——g's Court of C——y,  
*I seem'd a very god ; \**  
 While half-starv'd lawyers gaping round,  
 Waited with reverence most profound,  
 The sanction of my nod.

## 4.

The station was too high for Ego : †  
 My head was seiz'd with a vertigo ;  
 Like Phaeton *I* fell :  
 Or Satan, who was headlong thrown,  
 As Milton has most clearly shown,  
 From Heav'n to burning H—ll.

\* *I seem'd a very God.*]

Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum. VIRG.

† *The station was too high for EGO.*] How modest of his Lordship, when speaking of himself, (which he *never* does but upon *very important occasions*) to prefer his old and *humble* appellation, EGO, to all the high-sounding titles he has since obtained.

## 5.

*I, with the self same meekness blest*

*As fir'd \* the fallen angel's breast,*

*Like him will kiss the rod:*

*I'm void of passion, void of pride ; |*

*A C———r they'll ne'er provide*

*So good as I, by G—d!†*

\* *As fir'd the fallen Angel's breast.*] We have hitherto been accustomed to consider *meekness* rather of a *frigid* than a *fiery* nature ; but perhaps his Lordship may allude to a species peculiar to *himself* and—*Lucifer*!

† *I'm void of passion, void of pride,*

*A C———r they'll ne'er provide*

*So good as I, by G—d !*

Those who are unacquainted with the excessive modesty of the ex C———r, would hardly believe it possible for so great a personage to be wholly without pride or passion, had not his Lordship incontestably proved the truth of his declarations by the beautiful example which immediately follows them.

Certainly no C———r (*whose time was so amazingly occupied by dinners, balls, and routs*) ever paid more attention to the duties of his exalted office than Lord E———e ; if any one doubt the truth of this assertion, let him listen to the following tale, and blush at his incredulity :

## 6.

Ah ! little thought *I*, on that day,  
 When *stocking-less* \* *I* took my way  
 From Edinburgh to town,  
 That *I* should ever rise so *high*,  
 And therefore could not think that *I*  
 Should come so rudely down.

It is necessary to premise that the Lord C———r is, *ex officio*, the guardian of all *lunatics* : impressed with the importance of this charge, Lord E——— was recently taking the air, when he beheld a parcel of unfeeling wretches persecuting a poor unfortunate puppy, whom they reported to be *mad*.—"Stand out of the way," exclaimed his Lordship, "if the dog be *insane*, it is *my duty* to protect him ;" thus having said, he caught the animal in his arms, and bore him in triumph to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. It must be a vast consolation to Lord E. that his dismissal from office will not wholly prevent his exertions in favor of *lunatics*, particularly as it is more than probable that some of his Lordship's nearest political connexions will, ere long, require his humane assistance.

N. B. We have just heard that some very alarming symptoms of hydrophobia have already appeared among the ex-ministers, and that his Lordship's friends are *falling off* very fast.

\* *When stockingless*, &c.] According to Mingay, this epithet is peculiarly correct. "The story is somewhat musty," but we

## 7.

My P—y, how we shook our heels,  
 In rigadoons and Scottish reels,  
 At Sh——n's\* election ;  
 While all the world agreed a jig  
 Display'd the Ch——r's great wig  
 To wonderful perfection.

must beg to relate it, by way of illustration:—Counsellor E. was retained by a certain bucklemaker against a tradesman, for an encroachment on his patent. “Gentlemen,” said he, addressing the jury, “it is to the encouragement of these ingenious inventions that we owe their present perfection; how surprised would my ancestors be, if they could look out of their graves, and behold the modern elegance of my buckles, shoes, and stockings.” —“True,” replied Mr. Mingay, who was for the defendant, “your ancestors would be surprised—that you had either *buckles, shoes, or stockings to your feet.*”

\* *At Sheridan's election.*] Lord E—— alludes to Mr. S——'s election to the office of T——r of the N—y, or else to his re-election to the borough of St—ff—d, when he vacated his seat by accepting that appointment. Our readers will recollect that a grand ball was given on that joyful occasion, at which both his Lordship and the late Ch——r of the Ex——r particularly distinguished themselves—on the *light fantastic toe.*

## 8.

Alas ! poor wig ! both you and *I*

Too soon are laid neglected by,

Our dancing days are o'er ;

*Alike*, dear jasey, all shall view

The fall of me, and fate of you,

And both *alike* deplore.

## 9.

P—y, *I'm* sure that you'll agree

To pardon this apostrophe :

My *wig* *I* still revere ;

With *consequence-bestowing* grace,

It deck'd my long, lean, wither'd face,

A day, a month, a year.\*

---

\* *A day, a month, a year.*] His Lordship was in office exactly one year, one month, and one day, and it is an honorable proof of his great economy, that one *wig* sufficed him for the whole period.

## 10.

But hark ! *I* hear Ambition cry,

“ Fie, T——y E——e,\* fie ! O fie !

Why this inglorious strain ?

Cease to lament thy fallen lot,

And struggle, like a true bred Scot,

To raise thyself again !”

## 11.

Rous'd at her call, my bosom glows,

My blood once more impetuous flows

Thro' every throbbing vein ;

---

\* *Fie, T——y E——e, &c.*] Nothing could have excused the familiarity of this address to so *great a man*, but the *intimacy* that has so long existed between the *Speaker* and his *Lordship*.

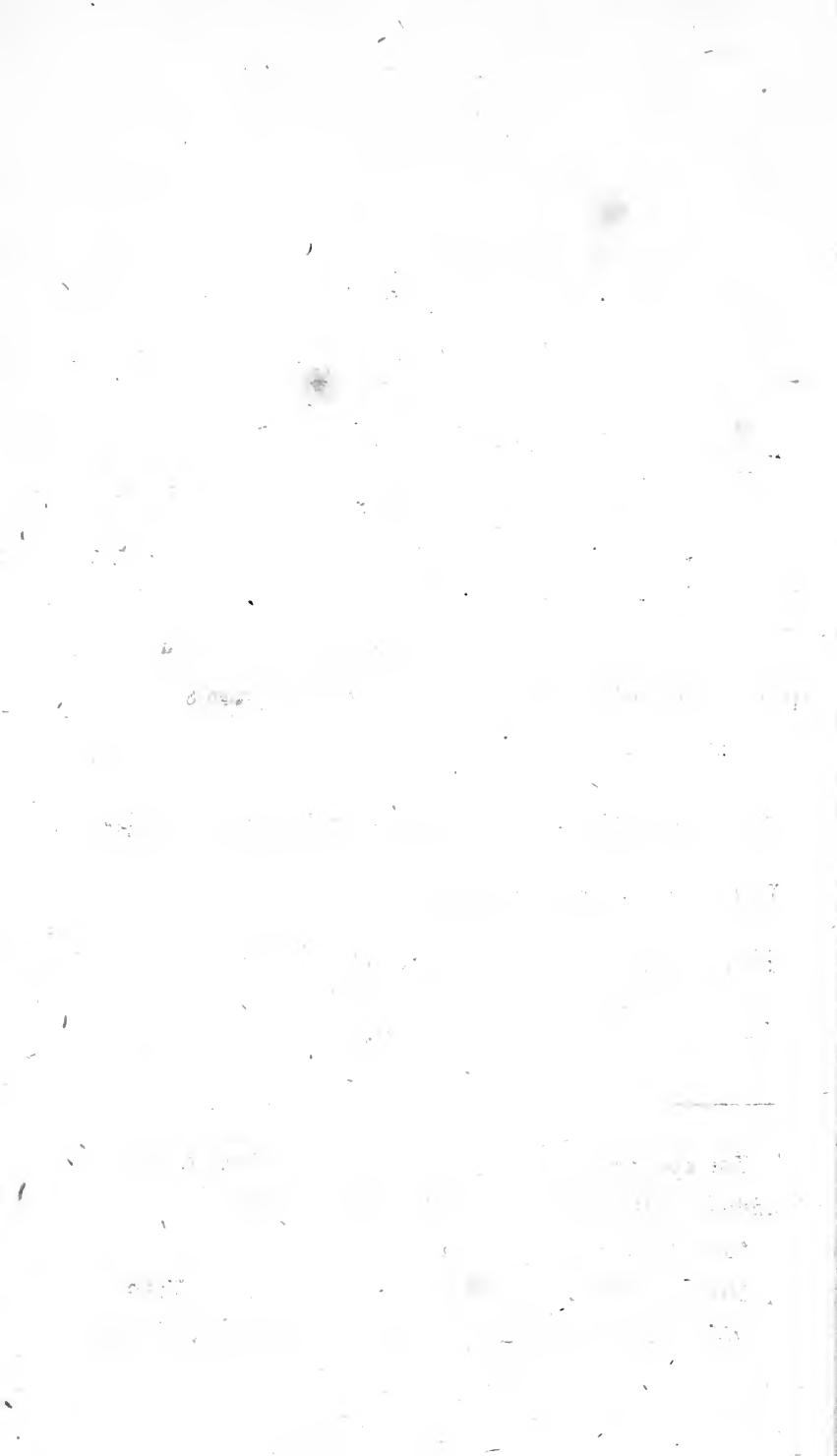
With plans immense my mind grows big,

And fancy gives myself and wig

Our dignities again.\*

---

\* *Myself and wig, &c.*] Here we cannot help remarking, that however exuberant his Lordship's modesty may be, he never forgets the dignity of his exalted station; and that whenever he has occasion to mention himself and his *wig* in the same sentence, he always gives himself due precedence: thus, in his pathetic apostrophe to this faithful servant (*vide Stanza 8th*) he mentions his own fall previous to the other's fate.





## EPISTLE. II.

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THE RIGHT HON. L—D G———LLE TO THE  
RIGHT HON. E—L S———R.

---

———Nihil est audacius illis  
Deprensus; iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.

JUV. SAT.

OH, thou ! alas ! how chang'd, how fall'n\*, who wast,  
But art no more a secretary—hurl'd  
Headlong, like myself, impetuous down ;  
As once in council, so in ruin now

---

The opening of this Epistle very strongly resembles Satan's address to his colleague Beelzebub.—Milton, Book I.

\* *Alas ! how chang'd, how fall'n.*]

Hic mihi qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo. VIRG.

We, in common with Lord G———, most sincerely lament

Are we united firm:—beshrew my heart !  
 But we will not with empty wailings mourn  
 Our dire disgrace. Though reft of place and pow'r,  
 Our *talents* and unconquerable pride,  
 The study of revenge,\* and how to wage

the metamorphos'd state of this once exalted character; there was a time when he fought side by side with the immortal William Pitt against the dæmon Anarchy, opposing, with dauntless front and vigorous counsel, the united attacks of foreign cut-throats and domestic traitors;—there was a time when, at the head of the A———y, he planned the victories of a Howe, a Duncan, a Jervis, and a Nelson, but an evil planet came between him and the glorious sun that hitherto had warmed him to vigor, and fatally eclipsed the brightness of his fame. A tacit acquiescence in all the visionary projects of a madman is now, alas! the sole distinction of Lord S——r. Let us hope that he will soon emerge from his present obscurity, and once more become a lucid and benignant star in the hemisphere of politics.

His form hath not yet lost

All its original brightness, nor appears

Less than Archangel ruined,

MILTON.

\* *The study of revenge,*] A downright plagiarism from Milton;  
 —for shame, my Lord!

Eternal and successful\* war against  
 The fell usurpers† of those envied seats,  
 Which our *broad bottoms* recently impress'd,  
 Are left us still. By T--mple's‡ meek-ey'd wisdom,  
 By the humility of all the G——lles,  
 By E——e's modesty, by W—dh—m's faith,  
 By P—y's consequence, by Wh—b---d's brains,  
 By Br——nsl--y's honesty, and H--w——k's wit!  
 S———r, I swear this thought distils a balm  
 Which sov'reign comfort to my soul imparts.  
 Hah ! did I speak of comfort ? Oh ! my friend,

\* *And successful war.*] Evidently written before the *unfortunate* failure of Lord Stafford's and Messrs. Brand and Lyttleton's motions.

† *The fell usurpers, &c.*] A very improper expression, for Johnson defines an usurper to be "one who possesses that to which he has *no* right.

‡ *By Temple's meek-ey'd wisdom, &c.*] Some profound critic has well observed, that nothing contributes so much to the solemnity of an oath, as *obscurity*. How wonderfully has Lord G——lle profited by this remark !

Though I'd conceal the anguish of my heart  
From the impertinent and idle gaze  
Of vulgar eyes, why should I feign to thee?  
Know, then, my agonies can feel no comfort;  
The wounds of pride are ill dispos'd to heal.  
I will to thee in confidence unfold  
My real griefs. Think not I mourn the failure  
Of the great cause which B——m's† fair wife,

---

\* *Of the great cause which B——m's fair wife, &c.]* The Marchioness of B——m, daughter to the late Earl N——nt, of Ireland. Her Ladyship is at once the most rigid catholick in the united kingdom, and mother of that *stupendous* statesman Lord T——le. The latter proud distinction has procured her the grateful thanks of Messrs. Herbert and Thistlethwaite, members for Hampshire, and the former the more honorable acknowledgements of her—fishmonger.\*

We have heard it reported that during her Ladyship's pregnancy with Lord T——, there happened such a dearth of fish, that she was unable to procure sufficient for a Friday's dinner; and that, in consequence of this *severe disappointment* the noble Lord was marked with—a *cod's head and shoulders* !!!

\* As a Catholic, her Ladyship is under the necessity of *fasting upon fish* nearly one fifth of the year.

With soft persuasion, urg'd 'us to espouse.  
 No—that was her's and th' Irish Papists loss,  
 Not mine, nor England's.\* When myself and H—k  
 Found that our M—n—rch would not be cajol'd,  
 Did we not truckle? Yea, a G——lle† truckled,  
 And turn'd and twisted, like a hunted hare,  
 Doubling, with backward step, his former path  
 To shun impending danger. Plighted faith,  
 The prayers of P—ns—b—s, F—tzh——t's groans,‡

---

\* *Not mine nor England's.*] We heartily concur in his Lordship's *private* opinion on this subject.

† *Yea, a G——lle truckled.*] Impossible! his Lordship must be mistaken.

‡ *The prayer of P—ns—nb—s, F—tzh—rb—t's sighs, &c.*] Of the P—ns—nb—s we have only to observe, that one of them married Lord H——k, and [that they are all staunch friends to catholic emancipation. Of Mrs. F—tzh—rb—rt—“*Eloquar an sileam?*” We sit as critics, and as critics we must speak our sentiments. This Lady has so many virtues, however, that we must of necessity omit a very considerable portion, not only because they are too numerous to be contained within the limits of a note, but also lest we should be suspected of *partiality*, a crime of

And gentle Eck--ngh--m's imploring sighs,  
 Were disregarded ; not to please our K—g,  
 But to preserve our seats. Oh, vain endeavour !  
 Our fall was destin'd——and the *talents* fell :  
 Nor fell alone, but humbled and expos'd  
 We fell unpitied, or by few lamented.\*

---

which we should deeply lament even the suspicion: we shall, therefore, content ourselves with briefly stating, that Mrs. F——t is *chaste* as Diana, *beautiful* as Venus, and *youthful* as Hebe. That her nose is long, that her teeth *were* white, and that the symmetry of her form is——*prodigious*. Still, however, we are sorry to observe—

“ Nec pueris jucunda manet nec cara puellis.

CATUL. Car. Epitli.”

As to her moral and religious excellencies, the first subject in the land can bear witness that they are matchless—as her chastity and beauty ; for, in the goodness of her heart, she has endeavored to inculcate all her virtuous principles in his r——l bosom : how far she may have succeeded, perhaps, the noble writer of the Epistle before us, can more accurately determine than ourselves.

\* *We fell unpitied, &c.*] How flatly his Lordship here contradicts the assertions of his sagacious friend, the Editor of the

Oh ! my S——r, think of thy G——lle's pangs,  
 Who having bent his stubborn knee—that knee  
 Which lust of pow'r alone could ever bend,\*  
 Was spurn'd, repulsed, *his seat of honor*† wounded,  
 And turn'd with all his colleagues rudely forth.  
 The racking thought is madness ! Was't for this

---

Morning Chronicle, who has repeatedly assured his readers that the whole nation lamented the fall of "THE TALENTS" with the profoundest sorrow. Speaking and *feeling* as individuals constituting a *part of the whole nation*, we must declare ourselves to be of opinion, that Lord G—— is entitled to more credit than Mr. P——ry.

\* *That knee*

*Which lust of pow'r alone could ever bend.]*

Has the M——s of B. never persuaded his Lordship to kneel before a cr—c—f—x ?

† *Seat of honor wounded.]* Vide Mr. Gillray's admirable caricature on this *interesting subject*, which will point out to our readers whereabouts the seat of honor lies in *broad-bottoms*.

I leagued with F--x\*, whose very name I loath'd,  
 Whose principles I execrated still?  
 Was it for this I struggled to forget  
 That Add—ngt—n† and I were ever foes,  
 And deign'd to grant‡ him a distinguish'd niche

\* *Whose very name I loath'd, &c.*] We always considered his Lordship's professions of friendship for Mr. F—— to be merely political, and are happy to find our opinion confirmed.

† *That Add—g—ton and I were ever foes.*] “Nothing appears to me less probable than to see Pitt and me at any near period (I believe I may say at *no period of our lives*) reconciled to, and disposed to establish with Addington relations of confidence and friendship.—*Vide* Lord Grenville's Letter to the Marquis of Wellesley, in the intercepted letters found on board the Admiral Alpin East-Indiaman, page 24.

‡ *And deigned to grant him a distinguish'd niche.*] Who could with more propriety fill a niche in the *broad-bottom'd* fabric than this noble Lord, whom Mr. S——n (most unjustly, by the bye) compared to the *sitting part*? It must, nevertheless, be allowed that Lord S——th possesses a degree of inflexible honesty and loyalty, which must have been found extremely inconvenient to the *Whig* branch of the late Administration.



In our *broad-bottom'd* fabric? S'death ! my S——r,  
 When I reflect what offerings I have made  
 At curs'd Ambition's shrine—and made in vain,  
 Prometheus' \* pangs were ectacy to mine,  
 And Caucasus a Paradise to Dr——pm——re.†

---

*Prometheus' pangs, &c.*] This unhappy fellow having stolen a few hot coals from Jupiter's fire-place, for the purpose of animating a pretty little image of his own manufacture, was most unmercifully sentenced to be chained to Mount Caucasus, and furnish food for a voracious vulture, who continually preyed upon his immortal liver. Aristotle sends the poor devil to experience similar torture in hell.—*Vide* Arist. Poet. cap. 17.

† *Dr——pm——re.*] A noble mansion in the county of *Bucks*, to which Lord G. often retires from the

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

# REPORT ON THE

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## EPISTLE III.

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FROM THE RIGHT HON. R. B. S———N TO THE  
RIGHT HON. L——D H———K.

---

—————Humor et in genas  
Furtim labitur, arguens  
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus,  
Uror, seu *mihi rubricas*  
Turparunt *facies* immodicæ mero  
Rixæ.—————

HOR. L. 1. o. 13.

ALAS! I can not write nor speak,\*  
The tears run *hissing* down my cheek,†

---

\* *Alas! I can not write, &c.*] There is more novelty than sense in beginning an Epistle with a declaration of inability to write—but Mr. S. is of Irish extraction.

† *The tears run HISSING down my cheek.*] How admirably does this beautiful metaphor express the intense fervidity of Mr. S———n's right honourable cheek.

My burning bosom vomits sighs,  
 Like fumes which from Vesuvius rise.\*  
 Boil'd by the flames of face and nose,  
 My brain as melted lava glows,  
 And, like two meteors in the skies,  
 When Northern lights disastrous rise,†  
 Glare in their fiery sphere, mine eyes. ‡

---

\* *Like fumes which from Vesuvius rise.*] We venture to assert, that the beauty, vigor, and propriety of this and the two following images are not surpassed by any thing in the English language.

† *When Northern Lights disasterous rise.*] The aurora borealis, or northern lights, are considered by the vulgar to forbode war and bloodshed: had this line been omitted, the beauty of the simile would have been destroyed. Mr. S——n's looking-glass most probably furnished him with this *luminous* idea.

‡ *Glare in their fiery sphere mine eyes.*] An imitation of Virgil——

Oculis micat acribus-ignis.

H——k, as *I'm an honest man*,\*

It was thy inconsiderate plan

Which kindled this destructive fire,

And fill'd me with combustions dire.

I wish old Nick had cut your throats,

Ere, influenc'd by petticoats,†

You, and your colleagues rail'd about

Those cursed claims which turn'd us out.

Zounds ! it was not enough for all

Your heads to run against a wall,

But, like a pack of thoughtless fools,

You built up walls to crack your skulls.‡

\* *As I'm an honest man.*] What an asseveration !!!

† *Ere influenc'd by petticoats.*] We apprehend Mr. S. figuratively alludes to the fair Catholics mentioned in Lord G——lle's Epistle, which see.

‡ *You built up walls to crack your skulls.*] This is merely a poetical repetition of Mr. S———n's observation to a fellow-sufferer (i. e. one of his creditors); but there is little danger that the

First, W——dh——m's act, 'bout Volunteers

“ Pull'd an *old house* about our ears.”\*

Then, by a *vile* negociation,†

F-x vilified Administration :

And when we had got over that,

Sir Home was brought to trial——For what?

*crania* of THE TALENTS will *literally* meet with such a serious misfortune; for the wall to produce such a fracture must absolutely be, as Horace, expresses it, *cere perennius*.

\* *Pull'd an old house about our ears.*] A good old proverb, and very apposite.

† *Then by a vile negociation, &c.*] Good heavens! are these Mr. S———n's private sentiments?—Can any man in his sober senses apply the epithet “*vile*” to a negociation which was planned by the *Friend of the People*, the intimate of Talleyrand, the beloved of Bonaparte, and the most immaculate of modern whigs? which was conducted by a *would-be* Governor of our Eastern Empire, and which *only* failed because it was—*unsuccessful*.

Because he did too much, I trow,  
 Or perhaps St. V--nc---t will'd it so.\*  
 But, for whatever cause, 'tis plain,  
 That he was brought to trial---in vain;  
 For he was only reprimanded,  
 Whilst Ministers were justly branded  
 With such contempt and public hate,  
 That few lament their present fate.  
 H—k, misguided, thoughtless youth,†  
 Start not to hear *me*‡ speak the truth,

---

\* *Because he did too much, I trow,*

*Or perhaps St. V——t will'd it so.]*

Doubtless very sufficient reasons for bringing this gallant officer to a court martial, particularly when his parliamentary conduct is considered.

† *Thoughtless youth.] A pretty youth, truly!*

‡ *Start not to hear me speak the truth.] A most unreasonable demand! Surprise always occasions an involuntary concussion either of mind or body, and all extraordinary novelties excite*

Since among friends\* there's no occasion

For the bold lie, or nice evasion.

Have I not cause to deprecate

Measures which brought me to this state:

Which left me *loafless, fishless*—worse—

Left scarce a guinea in my purse:

Left all my duns, a clam'rous throng,

Hopeless—who liv'd on *Hope* so long;†

surprise; it therefore follows, that the Right Hon. S—cr—t—ry. could not do otherwise than start at the novel and unexpected circumstance mentioned by Mr. S——n.

\* *Since among friends, &c.*] Mr. S——n has thought otherwise; but then it was only among those to whom he was bound by the strictest *bonds*—of *law* as well as friendship. We have heard one of these gentlemen declare, that no man understood the *Sinonian art* (vide Virg. *Æ.* 2. v. 69 to 195) better than Mr. S——.

Atque ita mentitur sic veris falsa remiscet,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum. HOR.

† *Hopeless—who liv'd on hope so long.*] We will thank Mr. S——n to tell *us* the precise quantity of *hope* that is necessary



And left that little humbug\* P——ll

To sneer and glory at my fall.

to keep a *hungry* creditor in *tolerable good condition*: his own *stock* evidently improved by the additional supply they received subsequent to his coming into office, and if Lord Sommerville, at his late cattle-shew, had offered a reward for the best *hope-fed* creditor, we are confident that Mr. S———n would have been the successful candidate. Happy must be that dun,

————— Cui *spes*

Cui sit *conditio dulcis sine pulvere.*

HOR. EP. 1. v. 150.

Our readers will pardon us for relating the following old story (*a la Doyle*) which we think somewhat *apropos*.

A certain experimental farmer once took it into his head, that by gradually reducing the food of his cattle, he should ultimately teach them to live upon nothing. He mentioned his having made this extraordinary trial to a friend, who naturally enough enquired how it succeeded. “Ecod!” replied the farmer, I had not an opportunity of judging, for just before I had accomplished my object, owing to some d——d *unlucky* cause, the beasts *all died*.”

\* *Humbug* P——ll.] We do really think this appellation, though certainly not very elegant, extremely applicable, both to this despicable little demagogue, and his colleagues, Sir F. B. and Messrs. H——ne T———ke and C——bb——t

What shall I do? \* my cash is gone,  
 And credit—I, alas! have none.  
 My *wits* may furnish me again .  
 With Burgundy † and rich Champaigne,

\* *What shall I do?*

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat.

VIRGIL.

† *My wits may furnish me again  
 With Burgundy, &c.]*

We imagine that this alludes to a little piece of ingenuity practised not long ago on a certain innkeeper of Richmond. Boniface boasted that he had some of the best Burgundy in England, and Mr. — wished to ascertain if he boasted justly, he therefore ordered two dozen to be sent him by way of trial. The wine arrived, and, all things considered, the price was moderate, not more than eight pounds per dozen, but this *was not at all material* to Mr. — who admired the flavor so much, that he resolved to have the remainder; but the owner *most unreasonably* refused to send it him until the first was paid for. In vain did the disappointed statesman exclaim with Horace,

O cives! cives! quærenda pecunia primum est

Virtus post nummos.—

Boniface understood him *literally*, and Mr. — was obliged

to leave Richmond without the Burgundy ; he, however, had the consolation of getting the first two dozen at the *cheapest rate*.

Some months afterwards the clamorous innkeeper called in G——e street, and insisted that his bill should be paid: Mr. —— appeared very glad to see him, promised instantly to comply with his request, and enquired if the remainder of the wine were sold ; being answered in the negative, he immediately quitted the room, *for the purpose of giving honest Boniface a check*, but perceiving his carriage at the door he *inadvertently* got into it, and never even thought of giving the *coachman a check* till he arrived at Richmond. Mrs. Boniface, when she beheld Mr. —— alight, exclaimed, “ Lard bless me sir, how unlucky ! my husband is gone to town on purpose to wait on your honor, and you have unfortunately miss’d one another.”——“ I have seen your husband,” replied Mr. ——, “ and every think is settled. I have moreover purchased the remainder of that Burgundy, and you must order it to be instantly packed behind my carriage, for I have a large party to dine with me, and cannot wait for the usual conveyance.” The good woman, elated by what she heard, gave the necessary orders, and the wine and Mr. —— were driven back to London. Soon after, Boniface returned, and his wife flew to congratulate him on the success of his journey.—“ Success !” exclaimed he most furiously. “ Yes, have not you seen Mr. —— ?” “ Seen him ! yes, but he gave me the slip, and be d——d to him !” A mutual eclaircissement now took place : the husband rav’d, the wife storm’d, and both of them swore Mr. —— was the d——dest s——r in Christendom.

But, driven out of Place and Court,

Ah ! where shall SHERRY look for PORT ? \*

Mr. Sh—l—r, wine merchant, was also duped in a somewhat similar manner, cum multis alijs, sed

————Crimine ab uno

Disce omnes.——

VIRGIL.

\* *Ah ! where shall SHERRY look for PORT.]*

Heu quæ nunc tellus, inquit, quæ me *æquora* possunt

Accipere !——

VIRGIL.

We have only to add that the Thames is sufficiently deep and extremely handy for Mr. S——n's reception : we, however, advise him to wash his face with cold water previous to immersion, lest the intense heat thereof should occasion an *explosion* fatal to divers erections on the banks of the river.

## EPISTLE IV.

---

FROM THE RIGHT HON. W. W———M TO HIS  
FRIEND T. W. C——KE, ESQ.

---

With the discharge of passions so oppress,  
*Disturb'd in brain*, and pensive in his breast,  
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,  
And by *Imagination half grown mad*.  
OTWAY.

1.

Dear C——ke, the wind has chang'd again;

I know not how to steer;

Whether with old friends still to sail,

Or after new ones veer.

## 2.

Variety delights my soul\*

And Novelty's my bliss;

I like to dash at every thing,

And care not, hit or miss.

## 3.

Ye Gods! what schemes we had in view†

To benefit the nation,

Had we not been, unluckily,

Sent from Administration.

\* *Variety delights my soul, &c.]*

*Vixit inæqualis clavum ut mutaret in horas.*

HOR.

† *Ye Gods what schemes we had in view, &c.]* Mr. W—d—m probably alludes to those prodigious conceptions which L—d G—lle assured us the late Administration had in *petto*, and prodigious they must have been to render their birth *so tedious*. (vide L—d G—lle's speech on the M—s of St—ff—rd's *unfortunate* motion) probably, among other great designs, it was the intention of the late Administration to send Sir S. Achmuty a further supply—of *two days ammunition*.

## 4.

I had prepar'd a glorious bill,  
This sweeping clause containing,  
That bull dogs,\* bulls, and fighting cocks  
Should all be put in training.

## 5.

These *roaring, barking, crowing* corps  
Were all to have been taught,  
A grand and novel kind of drill  
By men with science fraught.

---

\* *Bull-dogs, bulls, and fighting cocks, &c.* ] There is more impartiality than consistency of friendship in the late Right Hon. S—cr—ry's intention of not even exempting his *dearest connections* from the operation of his purposed bill. Our readers must recollect that Mr. W—l—m, upon a former occasion, as manfully maintained the Rights of bull-dogs, bulls, and fighting cocks, as Mr. G—y once did the Rights and Liberty of the Press.\* But Mr. G—y has since endeavoured to shackle the one,

\* See the Devil and the Patriot, a moral tale, which we have annexed to these intercepted epistles.

## 6.

The bull corps\* should have been my *own*,

The cock corps chicken T—yl--r's;

And H—w—k should have taught the dogs

To fight like British sailors.

and Mr. W—d—m would have subjected the others to all the inconveniences of military discipline.——

“ Ah ! what is friendship but a name ? ”

GOLDSMITH.

\* *The Bull corps, &c.*] Should the present ministers condescend to carry Mr. W—d—m's scheme into execution, we sincerely hope they will so far forget all party prejudices as to gratify that Right Hon. Gentleman with the command he sighs for, unless indeed Sir J—— N—— t should be thought more practised in the art of *bull training*. Nor ought they, in our opinion, to alter the arrangements with respect to L—d H—y P—y and Mr. W—th—d for we apprehend that geese and donkeys will most readily attain perfection in the military art, when instructed by officers—*sui generis*.



## 7.

If P—y, prattling, pliant boy,  
For a command had sigh'd,  
The geese should have ballotted,  
Rather than be denied,

## 8.

Of such a corps he'd surely prove  
A very fit commander ;  
For *geese* would willingly be drill'd  
By such an able *gander*.

## 9.

S—m W—t——d too, who of my friends  
Among the foremost classes,  
Should soon have been appointed to——  
A regiment of asses.\*

---

\* *A regiment of asses.*] Had Mr. W—d—m and his colleagues continued in office, they would have found a whole army of these

## 10.

Just such a corps he headed once  
Against a noble peer,  
Then fiercely foam'd his fury forth,  
Like froth of *table beer*.\*

---

*passive animals* extremely convenient. Such troops would endure *four months confinement* in *narrow transports* without a murmur, and patiently remain either in *Falmouth harbour* or elsewhere, till the Colonial Secretary had determined where to send them, or till their *gallant Commander* had *secured his parliamentary seat at a general election*; added to this, they would as soon be commanded by a *brewer* or Lt. Col. Cr—f—rd, as by the most experienced general in his Majesty's service. The impatience of action and thirst of victory which distinguishes our present military forces, must have proved extremely embarrassing to the *cautious* and *deliberate* projections of the late Administration.

\* *Like froth from table beer.*] It is to be observed, that Mr. W——m carefully avoids comparing the foam of Mr. W——d's indignant jaws, to the froth of that honorable gentleman's *own unpolluted beer*, probably lest an action should be commenced against him had he ventured to assimilate such deleterious matter, and the

## 11.

Though justice fought on M—lv—lle's side,

And S—mmy was defeated,

Who can forget how masterly

The *man of grains*\* retreated?

---

immaculate *spume* of that most *wholesome* beverage. A caution which appears by no means unnecessary, when it is considered that Mr. G—rr—w, during last term, moved the Court of K. B. for a criminal information against the editors of certain newspapers, for having presum'd to assert, that divers poisonous drugs were intermingled with the porter of Messrs. W———d and Co. We understand, however, that all these prosecutions will be most prudently dropt—possibly from an apprehension that *certain druggists* would not give *such evidence* as would ensure conviction.

\* *The man of grains, &c.*] In the original it is written “The man of *brains*, &c; but this must have been an unintentional error, for Mr. W———m could not be guilty of such a gross *misnomer*!

## 12.

For you, my C—ke,\* I had design'd

*A turkey cock* brigade ;

Then Norfolk men of Gallic foes

Had never been afraid.

## 13.

But, oh ! it little matters now

To tell what I intended ;

For all my hopes† are overthrown,

And all my glories ended.

\* *For you, my C—ke, &c.*] How wonderfully anxious the Right Hon. Gentleman was to provide all his friends with *suitable* commands : but for the late *unfortunate* change of ministers, not a man of them would have been neglected, from Mr. C—ke down to Lieut. Colonel Cr—f—rd.

† *For all my hopes are overthrown.*]

Occidit, occidit

Spes omnis et fortuna,

HOR, L. 4. O. 6.

## 14.

Farewell to plans, to which my heart  
So fondly was attached ;  
Plans, upon which I *sat* so long,  
And had so nearly *hatch'd*.\*

## 15.

Not Norfolk lost,† so griev'd my soul,  
When you and I were ousted,  
As thus to be expelled the nest,  
Where I so snugly roosted.

---

\* *And had so nearly hatch'd.*] We apprehend, from the long time these wonderful projects were *hatching*, that Mr. W———'s eggs must have been *addled*; a circumstance which, owing to vast anxiety of mind, might not occur to him.

† *Norfolk lost.*] It is impossible for us to suppress our sorrow at the sad recollection of this unfortunate catastrophe. Oh! woman! woman! "*fair defect of nature!*" 'twas you who robb'd us of Paradise, and you who drove Messrs. C—ke and W—d—m

## 16.

But cease, my goose quill, cease awhile

This melancholy strain ;

To speak of sorrows such as these

Is to renew their pain.\*

from the representation of the county of Norfolk. The story is thus related: Two ladies of the first respectability drove about the county to canvass for Col. W——dh——se, and as they were universally respected, their success was proportionably great. Messrs. C——ke and W——dh——m were much chagrined at this circumstance; at length, however, the latter gentleman's inventive genius devised a plan by which he hoped to turn it to their own advantage. Having procured two *naughty loves*, somewhat resembling these "fair petitioners," whom they were destined to personate, he arrayed them in similar apparel, and having procured a carriage which formerly belonged to one of these ladies, they canvassed another part of the county in favor of Messrs. C. and W. the trick, however, was discovered, and so indignant were Col. W's fair friends, that they instigated their husbands and friends to petition Parliament against the Sheriff's return: thus did the means by which Mr. W. hoped to defeat Col. W. contribute to the overthrow of himself and friend.

——— Neque lex est justior ulla

Quam necis artifices arte perire sua,

OVID.

\* *Is to renew their pain.*]

Infandum renovare dolores.

VIRGIL.

## 17.

Adieu, my friend, and since we can

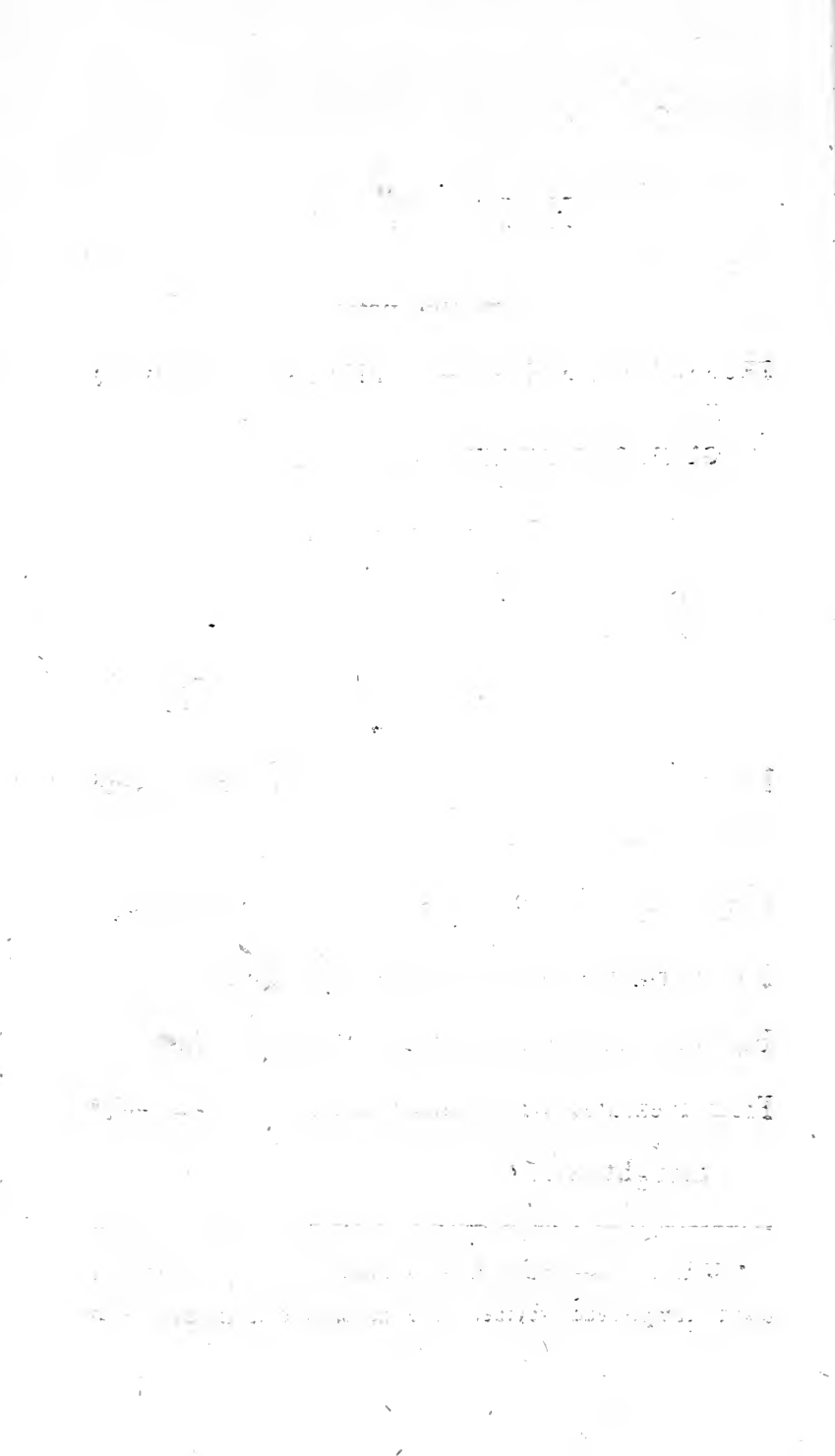
No longer dupe the nation,

May Heav'n, and Earth, and H—ll perplex

The New Administration.\*

---

† *May heaven, and earth, and hell, &c.* A very charitable and truly patriotic wish!





## EPISTLE V.

---

FROM SIR J—HN N———T, AN IRISH EX-MINISTER  
IN ENGLAND, TO THE D— OF B——D, AN EN-  
GLISH EX-MINISTER IN IRELAND.

---

Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras si volet auferet, ut si  
Detulerit fasces indigno detrahet idem.

HOR.

45

DEAR B—DF—D, by Jasus ! it grieves me to send  
Such terrible news—but our reign's at an end.  
Och ! curse on the Catholic claims !—I must own  
I wish in my *shoul* we had let them alone.  
But who cou'd imagine such ills would arise  
From measures which Gr—nv—lle and H—w—k\*  
thought wise ?

---

\* *Which G——lle and H——k thought wise.*] We are at a  
loss to comprehend whether Sir J—hn means to insinuate that

I'll state the case clearly—but cannot *spake* plain,  
 The thing has so cursedly *bodther'd* my brain,  
 You must therefore excuse a little confusion,  
 Altho' *I begin* with a sort of *conclusion*.

---

only these two noble lords felt convinced of the wisdom of the proposed measure, or if he merely expresses himself *synecdochically*, intending that a part should be taken for the whole of the then Administration. Now bodies universally follow their heads; nor is it absolutely necessary that heads should be gifted with *superior understanding*, or even with the *smallest particle of brains* to produce this general tendency: as for example, wherever the *beast of Balaam* turned his head, thither also did his body direct its way, and it is an established fact, that to whatever point of the compass the *brainless* head of a ship be directed, the hull, i. e. the body thereof, always pursues a similar course: it therefore should appear, that Sir J—hn, by mentioning the two heads of the late Adm—n—str—t—on, L—ds G. and H. could not mean otherwise than that the whole body of Ministers implicitly followed their way of thinking, and that

“It was their duty to proceed

Wherever they might choose to lead.”

And yet how are we to reconcile this construction with a subsequent part of this epistle, where it is hinted that two Members of the C—b—n—t were troubled with certain qualms of conscience on the subject——*But Sir J.—hn was born in Ireland!*

A twelvemonth ago, that big friend of the people,\*  
 Who now serves the state--under Westminster steeple,

---

\* *That big friend of the people.*] The Right Hon. Baronet evidently alludes to his deceased friend Mr. F--x, and when the whole of that *great man's* conduct is considered, the title appears peculiarly just. When first he came into office under the auspices of Lord North, he marked his friendship for the people at large by his particular anxiety to relieve the Electors of Middlesex from the unnecessary trouble of choosing their own representative. Soon after, finding that his powers were somewhat more limited than he wished, he threatened to resign his seat at the Treasury Board, unless they and *his salary* were encreased; a threat which the following intimation from Lord North prevented his carrying into execution. “*Sir, His Majesty has been pleased to make out a new list of Lords of the Treasury, among whom I do not see your name.*” Thus deprived of the opportunity of manifesting *his friendship for the people* by deeds, he supported their rights by the most violent philippics against the Minister, whom he declared to be “a man so void of integrity that he should even be afraid to trust himself alone in his company.” And yet he afterwards coalesced with this *abominable character*, doubtless for the sole purpose of *serving the people* more effectually as a Minister: in which capacity he signally manifested his attention to their interests by the introduction of his celebrated East India Bill, which would have enabled him to provide for numerous individuals, had

Persuaded the House to a new resolution,\*

Which shook to the centre our fam'd Constitution,

not himself and his bill been thrown out together. His *friendship for the people* has also been remarkably displayed by the embassy on which he sent Mr. R——t Ad——r to the late Empress of Russia—by his anxiety to introduce the *blessings* of the French Revolution—by his late coalition with Lord Gr——v——lle—by his *judicious* distribution of *places, pensions, and honors*—by his consenting to come again *into* office, and *most particularly* by his consenting to go *out* of the world!

Extinctus amabitur *idem*.

HOR.

\* *Persuaded the House to a new resolution, &c.*] We cannot take upon ourselves to determine if Sir J—hn alludes to the Bill permitting L—d G——lle to be at once first Lord of the T——y and Auditor of the Exch—q—r, or to the circumstance of giving L—d E——gh a seat in the Cabinet. The first was certainly a very *wise* measure, and is another striking proof of Mr. F—x's *friendship for the people*. It is of the utmost consequence to the nation that the Treasury accounts should be correctly stated, and faithfully audited, and who could be so well qualified for this important office as the person through whose hands all the money is supposed to pass? With regard to the second, we are decidedly of opinion that the *principle* of giving the Chief Justice a seat in

And Ministers thought, sure enough, if the Nation  
Cou'd *tolerate* that, it must love toleration.

They, therefore, intending all parties to please,  
And make their *broad-bottoms* feel seated at ease,  
Determin'd to win the poor Papists affections,  
And gain their support\* at all future elections,

---

the Cabinet, and thus making him, in all state prosecutions, both judge and advocate, is *constitutionally* excellent; but we apprehend it has been found extremely inconvenient in practice, for we have great reason to suspect that Lord E. was one of those who disapproved of the Catholic clauses in the late unfortunate Mutiny Bill; Nay, we have heard that his Lordship opposed them with the same *unpardonable* warmth that he has frequently manifested against traitors, swindlers, gamblers, and other equally respectable personages, to their great discouragement and discomfiture.

Alas! that *evil* should spring out of *good*..

\* *And gain their support, &c.*] We heard a fastidious critic observe that this line was nonsense, because Papists are not entitled to vote, and therefore could not be of any service to Ministers at a General Election: but we, on the contrary, assert it to be as intelligible English as if it had been written by a native of Middlesex, for although Papists have no power of voting themselves,

G—y (H—w—k I mean) brought forward a motion  
 To give them command both on shore and on ocean,  
 Which he manag'd so well, and wrapt up so neatly,  
 We hop'd to deceive the good K—g most completely,  
 And cause him to swallow this Catholic Pill,  
 Made up in the form of a *Mutiny Bill*.

The Cabinet Council approv'd of the plan,  
 And thought our friend H—w—k a wonderful man;  
 Although, when the thing was discuss'd, it is said,  
 Two Members\* some scruples of conscience betray'd.

it is very evident that they have considerable influence over the  
 minds of persons who are not so disqualified, and

*Qui facit per alium facit per se.*

Besides Sir J—hn might have ascertained that the indulgences  
 granted in the Mutiny Bill were to have been succeeded by complete emancipation.

\* *Two Members some scruples of conscience betray'd.*] We apprehend Lords S——th and E——r, because we never understood that the other members of the cabinet had any consciences at all.

---

By Jasus ! 'twas strange the *spalpeens*\* cou'd not see  
 How much 'twas their int'rest that all shou'd agree ;  
 I wish to St. Patrick they *both* had been *me*.  
 Howe'er, lest their scruples shou'd cause much delay,  
 They wisely resolv'd to keep out of the way :  
 And all seem'd proceeding as Ministers wish'd,  
 When lo ! on a sudden, we found ourselves *dish'd*.†  
 Sp—nc—r P--rc--v--l first, devil burn him ! began,  
 With cursed palaver, to bother our plan :  
 Och ! his speeche to be sure was brimful of reason,  
 To shew that our bill was a species of treason ;

---

\* *Spalpeens*.] We have searched in vain Johnson's, Bailey's, Sheridan's, and the dictionary of the vulgar tongue, for an explanation of this word. Perhaps Sir J. will favour us with the meaning thereof.

†, *Dish'd*.] Here we were more fortunate ; for in the dictionary last mentioned in the preceding note, we find the word "*dished*" signifies "*done up, completely ruin'd,*" &c.—Alas, poor souls ! we pity them.

But we car'd not for that the worth of a shilling,  
 Well knowing our friends were both ready and willing  
 To vote (right or wrong) in support of our wishes,  
 While we kept the keys of the *loaves* and the *fishes* :  
 And therefore it matter'd not what he might say, \*  
 Or C—nn—ng, his friend, or my L—d C--stl---gh,  
 If we cou'd have persuaded the K—g to compound  
 The oath which he took at the time he was crown'd;  
 But somehow or other they open'd his eyes, †  
 And prov'd we had told him a parcel of l---s. ‡

---

\* Had Sir J-hn been an Englishman, we should have objected to the rhymes “ say” and C—stl—r—gh,” and also to “ ocean” and “ motion” in a preceding couplet; but, as he was born in Ireland, we think he may be allowed the use of *Irish* rhymes.

† *They open'd his eyes”*

Tum vero manifesta fides Danaümq. patescunt  
 Insidiæ.

VIRG. Æ. II. v. 305.

‡ *And prov'd we had told him a parcel of lies.]* This is considerably at variance with the statement of two Noble Lords, in



---

His M--j--sty then made a big botheration,  
And bade us all walk out of Administration.  
On my conscience this blow was quite unexpected;  
For, although our Catholic Bill was rejected,  
No man among all of us harbour'd a doubt,  
That the bringing it *in* wou'd bring us all *out*.

If Nature had not on the whole of our class  
Most kindly bestow'd a profusion of brass,  
We'd feel quite asham'd to exhibit our faces,  
Now turn'd with *bad* characters out of *good* places ;

---

their parliamentary defence; and we are at a loss whether to believe Sir J-hn's confidential communication, or their Lordship's *exculpatory* assertions. The public must decide, if it be more probable that a *late* Minister should relate *facts* in a *private* or public situation.

Since writing the above, Lord S——th, by his manly and eloquent speech on the Marquis of Stafford's motion, has opened *our eyes*.

For people declare, since they've witness'd our fall,  
"ALL THE TALENTS" \* display'd—*No talents*  
AT ALL.

---

\* ALL THE TALENTS *display'd no Talents at all.*] This apparent *Irishism* may be easily explained; for, when it is considered how the late Administration was formed, it does not appear improbable that *all the Talents* of the different component parts should have completely *neutralized* each other, and thus have rendered them collectively—a *caput mortuum*!

## EPISTLE VI.

---

FROM THE RIGHT HON. L—D H—Y P—Y, THE  
LATE LITTLE C——R OF THE EX——R, TO  
LORD T——LE, THE LATE STUPENDOUS P—M—R  
OF THE F——S.

---

Hæc trementi questus ore constitit,  
*Insignibus raptis, puer.*———

HOR. EPOD. O. 5,

1.

MY sorrows, dear T—mp---le, to thee

I cannot forbear to impart ;

For silence, in wretches like me,

Would fracture the overfraught heart.\*

---

\* *Would fracture the over-fraught heart.*]

———The grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

SHAKESPEAR.

## 2.

When robb'd of its rattle or teat,  
The baby such agony feels  
As I, only not quite so great,  
Now reft of my office and seals.

## 3.

Cut, cut, is the thread of my hope,  
My fall is more bitter than aloes ;  
When Jack Ketch dissever'd the rope,  
Thus Holloway\* fell from the gallows.

---

\* *Thus Holloway, &c.*] One of the unfortunate gentlemen, whose elevation before the Debtors' Door, Newgate, occasioned such serious disasters: he fell for the good of his Country, and so did Lord H—y P—y, the comparison therefore is extremely just.

## 4.

I once as a monkey was gay,  
In ball-rooms was constantly skipping ;  
And e'en in the senate, like G——y,\*  
I have been full often *found tripping*:

## 5.

I now like a donkey am dull,  
Dejected I hang down my head ;  
And all the concave of my skull  
Appears to be loaded with lead.†

---

\**Like G——y.*] Evidently a slap in the face for the Right Hon. Lord H——k, who, when recently dancing to the old tune of *The Catholic's Fancy*, or *Lord Fingal's Delight*, most awkwardly tript up, not only his own, but also his *partner's* heels.

† *Appears to be loaded with lead.*] Plautus, speaking of such great men as little Lord P——y, says,

Si quid peccatum est plumbeas iras gerunt.

Which most satisfactorily explains the cause of his Lordship's leaden malady.

## 6.

My poor little bosom begins  
 To hate all assemblies and routs ;  
 Such pleasures belong to the INNS ;  
 But grief is the lot of the OUTS.\*

## 7.

To witness my *air in the dance*  
 Has often delighted the fair ;  
 And something forbodes they may chance  
 To witness — *my dance in the air.*†

\* *Grief is the lot of the outs.*] Poor souls ! we pity them !

† *To witness my dance in the air.*] We don't exactly comprehend the nature of his Lordships alarms : probably he may be apprehensive that a time will come when he must cease to play the *Merry Andrew* in the Senate, and be driven, by dire necessity, to exhibit on the *tight rope* either at Astley's, Sadler's Wells, or in the neighbourhood of *St. Bartholomew Fair*. We are anxious to know if Messrs. Sh——n, W——m, and F——tzip——k are troubled with similar forebodings ?—As to his Lordship, we are clearly of opinion that his fears are vain ; for we consider

## 8.

*Bad company*\* taught me to sin,

*Bad company* still is my bane ;

But if I could once more get in,

I ne'er would be *naughty* again.†

## 9.

F--x, Sh——n, Wh——d, and G—y,

So flatter'd the pride of my youth,

That I was deluded away

From l——ty, duty, and truth.

him so eminently qualified for the part he *now* sustains, that nothing will preven his exhibitions in the House of C—mm—ns, unless some *fatal accident* should send him to the House of L——ds.

\* *Bad Company*, &c.] The old story—Vide *Newgate Calendar*, and *divers dying speeches*.

† *I ne'er will be naughty again.*] We sincerely hope his Lordship will never again be *led into temptation*.

## 10.

F--x swore that the glories of Pitt  
Would soon be eclipsed by my fame ;  
D--k S-----n swore I had wit,  
S--m Wh-----d and G---y vow'd the same.

## 11.

In Pitt's robe of office array'd,  
I hop'd for a *lion* to pass ;  
But, ah ! in the senate I bray'd,  
And shew'd—I was only *an ass*.\*

## 12.

How sudden, how lofty my flight,  
My fall how tremendously quick ;  
The rise of the rocket was bright ;  
It fell—an *unluminous stick*.

---

\* *I was only an ass.*] A pretty allegory—but not quite new.



## 13.

What steps shall we take to regain

The seats where we recently shone ?

I fear we shall labor in vain,

While rectitude governs the throne.

## 14.

But industry still perseveres,\*

Let's rally and labor like bees ; †

We'll buz round the Minister's ears ;

Though *stingless*, we know how to teize.

---

\* *But industry still perseveres.*] His Lordship may probably think with Virgil, that "*Labor omnia vincit improbus.*"—Now there are two ways of construing the adjective "*improbus* : in one sense "*improbus labor* signifies *hard labor*, but in the other, *dishonest* or *disgraceful labor*. Which of these constructions is most applicable in the present instance, the public must determine.

† *Like bees.*] Vide the Landsdown motto and crest.

15.

Dear T--mp---e, our conduct defend,

And think——Labor ipse voluptas ;

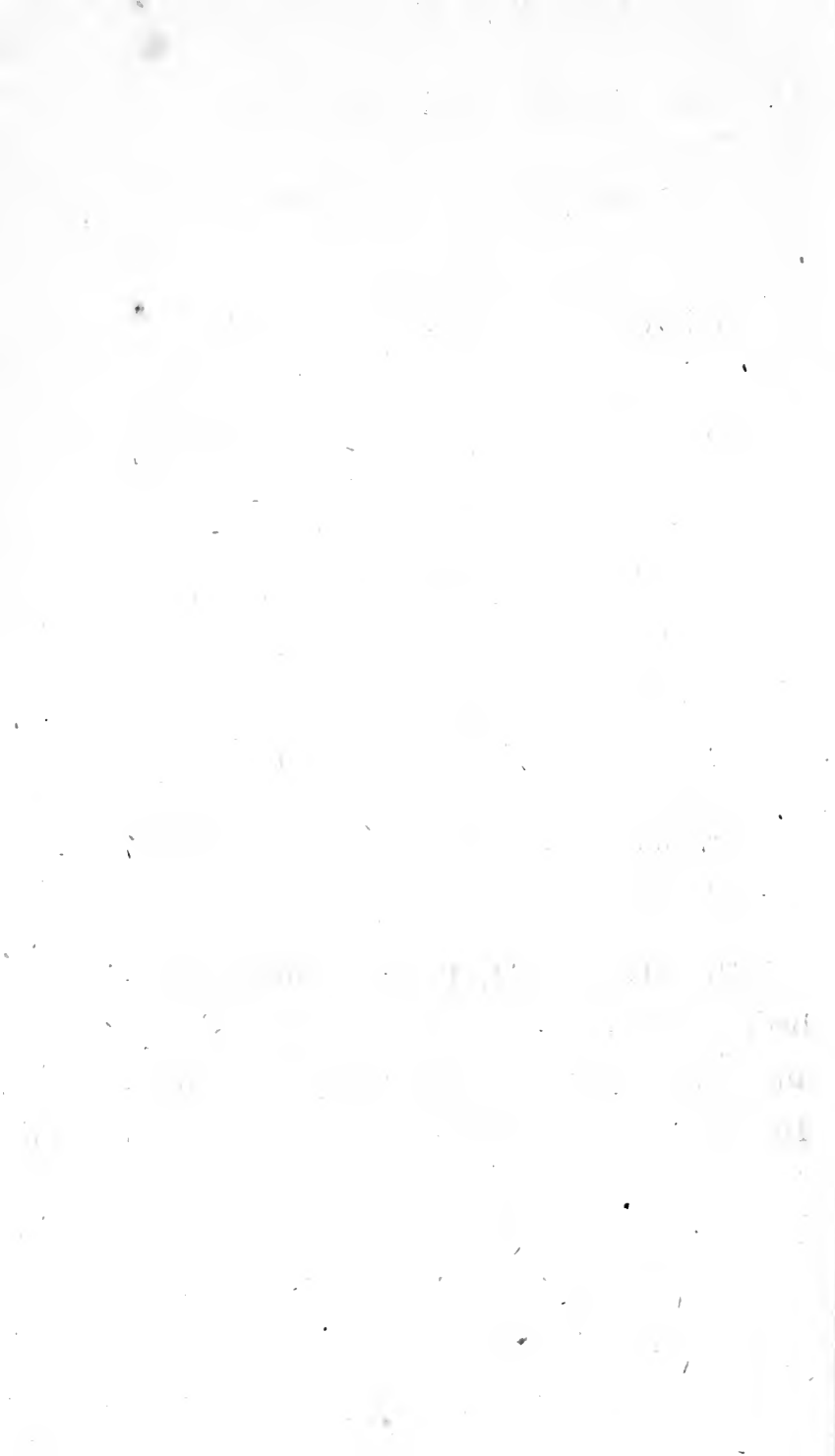
First try *res honestas*, my friend,

Et tunc (as in Hampshire) *corruptas*.\*

\* *Et tunc (as in Hampshire) corruptas.*] We wish his Lordship would write English ; it is really a melancholy task for poor critics to be continually referring to Ainsworth's Dictionary, and that not unfrequently without obtaining a satisfactory explanation ; as, in the present instance, we found "*corruptas, a, um,*" to be an *adjective*, signifying *corrupt, rotten, wicked*, whereas his Lordship has used it as a *substantive* ; but we imagine *res*, i. e. *things*, may be understood——by Lord T——e, Mr. H——rb——rt, and Mr. Th——stl——w——te. If our readers do not exactly comprehend this note, we beg to refer them to the *Eaton Grammar made easy*.

THE following Epistle and Tale, although not of the same nature as the before-going, may, we think, be admitted in our little volume without impropriety. They were both written before the late *lamentable* fall of THE TALENTS; the latter nearly two years back, when Mr. G--y moved the House to have the Editor of the Oracle taken into custody for an alleged breach of privilege, he having ventured, most spiritedly, to express his detestation of Mr. Wh—b—d's conduct towards Lord M--lv--le.

N. B. The said Mr G--y was once a Member of the L--nd--n C--rr--sp--nd--ng Society, and a great stickler for the Liberty of the Press. He now is—L--d H—w--k.



AN EPISTLE,

TO

A FATHER-IN-LAW AT S——T H——E,

FROM

HIS SON-IN-LAW IN NEWGATE.

---

*Infelix gener et dignus Sh———ne parente.*

WHILE in a dismal dungeon's dampness I  
Swear unregarded, unsupported lie,  
You, at your ease, with all the pomp of place,  
With players, Perry, Homan, or his Grace,  
Display the blushing honors of your face,  
And live on those whose speculative skill  
Is hasty credit and a distant bill,

By privilege from debts and bailiffs free,  
Nor cast a thought on misery and me.  
Yet by those joys she gave in early life,  
She whom you made a mother—not a wife ;  
Let her who boasts a natural\* daughter's name  
Urge to a father's heart her husband's claim ;  
Her whom you gave me without paltry pelf,  
Like you, sweet soul ! a fortune in herself,  
Let her your bowels of compassion thaw,  
And spare, in pity spare your son-in-law.  
† If in the C--mm--n's H—se no mercy dwell,  
My last resource is S——n or Hell.  
Heaven knows the wisest men sometimes mistake,  
E'en you, my father, you have err'd like Drake.  
None can remember—Yes ! I know all must,  
How to O'C--nn--r and his merits just,

---

\* Genus huic de patre superbum sed de matre nothum.

† Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.—VIRG.

When at the bar we saw the culprit stand,  
And, horror-struck, hold up his trait'rous hand,  
When Sc--tt, all eloquent, the charges prest,  
And brought conviction home to every breast ;  
E'en Pl--m--r shrunk unequal from the strife,  
And Treason trembled for her Votary's life.  
You in that hour a guardian dæmon came,  
And prov'd your friendship not an empty name,  
You with your lips the sacred volume prest,  
And bade the God of Truth your truth attest ;  
    " So help me God ! I solemnly declare,  
Truth, the whole truth, and nought but truth I swear ;  
I know him well, so great his merits deem,  
He has my friendship, confidence, esteem ;  
Without reserve, incapable of art,  
He told me every secret of his heart,

---

\* *Dæmon.*] " A good or evil angel ;" in this instance, of course, *good*.

To me his views, his principles are known,  
 Whig Views, Whig Principles, and all my own.  
 I swear (and let my oath's sure pledge have weight)  
 Like me, he's well affected to the state;  
 Like me, of French fraternity afraid,  
 He shudders at the thought of foreign aid."\*

What *did I swear*? I swore, alas! 'tis true,  
 That you had private dealings with a Jew;  
 Had urg'd P—ll's friends his int'rest to betray,  
 And tamper'd with them—in an honest way.  
 This, this was all I said, or swore, or meant,  
 This "of my guilt's the front and full extent."  
 Grim Gr--y, with verjuic'd visage, cried, hear! hear!  
 Storm'd the loud Taylor, foam'd the Man of Beer.  
 † Freedom's Asylum, with one honest No!  
 Doom'd me to Newgate, slav'ry, want, and woe.

\* H———, an old clothesman, voted for S.

† The C—mm—ns house—the nursery of freedom, the asylum of liberty, &c.—See Mr. Romiley's speech on Lord M—lv—lle's trial.



---

We both have err'd, but here the likeness ends :

A different fate the same offence attends ;

The N—y's T——y,\* a glorious prize,

Is your's ; my recompence in Newgate lies.

But let your daughter's tears and pray'rs prevail,

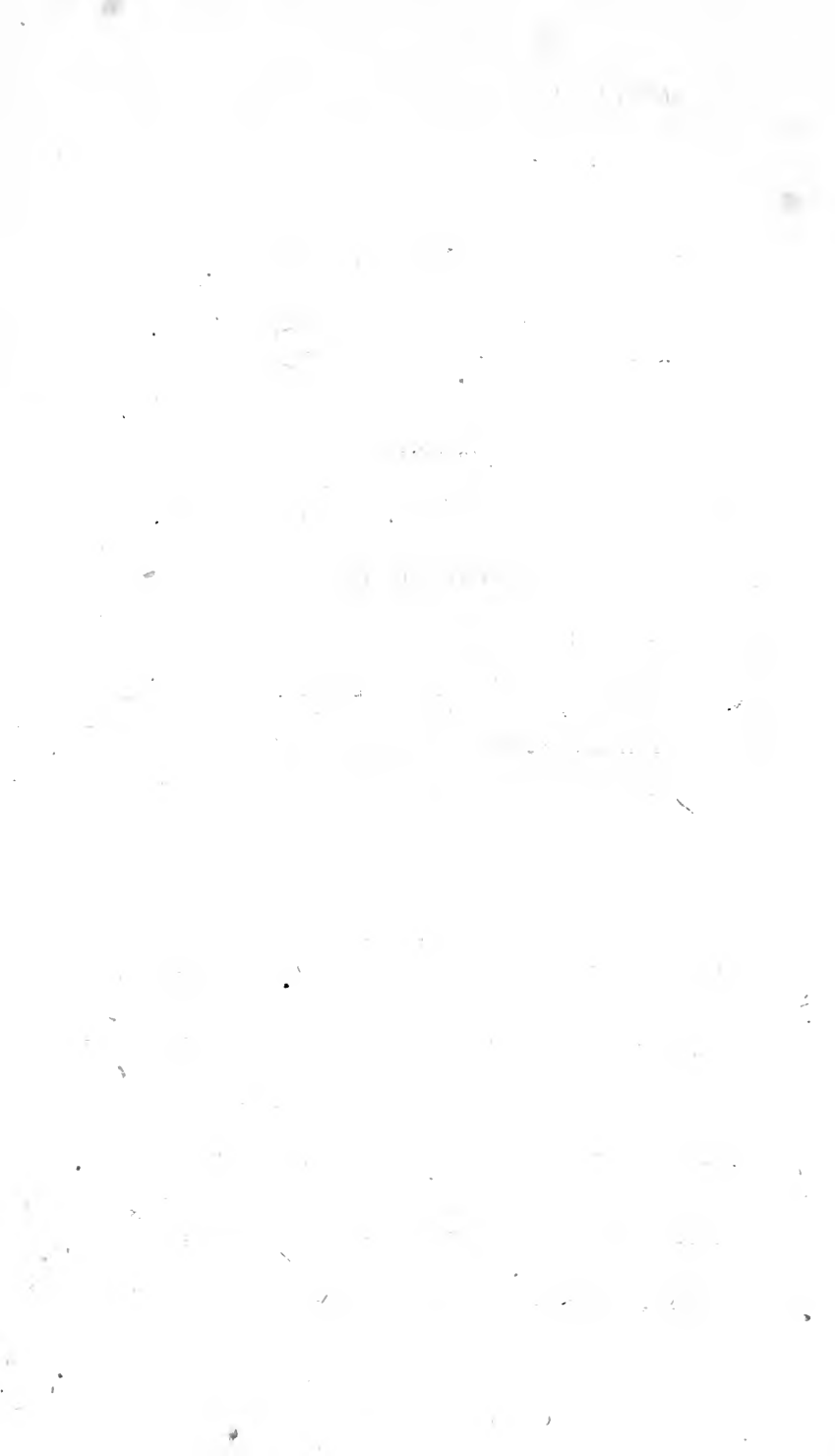
And save me from the horrors of a gaol :

Think of the poet's memorable line,

“ To err is human, to forgive divine.”

---

\* Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.



THE  
DEVIL AND THE PATRIOT.

A TALE.

---

Insequar et vultus ossea forma tua  
Me vigilans cernes : tacitis ego noctis in umbris  
Excitiam somnos, visus adesse, tuos. OVID.

I.

THE torrents roar'd, the north blast howl'd,  
The lightning flash'd, the thunder growl'd,  
Mud choak'd th' o'erflowing drains ;  
Th' affrighted moon withdrew her light,  
The watch cried—" Twelve o'clock at night!"  
And d——d the pelting rains.

## 2.

When giant, ghastly, growling G—y,  
As snoring on his back he lay,  
Beheld, with fearful eyes,  
A goblin grim approach his bed,  
And through the curtains thrust his head,  
Crying—Ch——s G——y arise !

## 3.

The statesman shriek'd—a clammy sweat  
Burst from his brow, and made it wet,  
As if with water spatter'd ;  
Long time to speak in vain he tried,  
Yet, tho' by fear his tongue was tied,  
His teeth *most loudly* chatter'd.

## 4.

At length, he feebly said, " Dear sprite,  
Say how have I provok'd your spite ?

Why that revengeful grin ?

Have I done ought that does displease you ?

If so—speak—how can I appease you ?

How expiate my sin ?"

## 5.

The goblin answer'd with a howl,

Like the hoarse screechings of an owl,

Or Tom-cat's am'rous note :

" Behold !" he cried, " thou cruel man,

This meagre frame, this visage wan,

This *long*, lean, wither'd throat.

## 6.

Then ask for mercy, if you dare,  
For, wretch, you must be well aware

'Twas you cau'd all my evil:  
'Twas you who stopp'd my mortal breath;  
No wonder I'm a *fiend* in death,  
Who died—a *Printer's Devil*.

## 7.

How dard'st thou, shameless man, profess,  
To be the guardian of the Press,  
Its best and firmest friend?  
And yet, with frantic eloquence,  
Upon a recent mean pretence,  
Against its Rights contend?

## 8.

Do modern patriots act like you?

Alas 'tis clearly proved they do!

There needs no proof that's stronger—

Your'e all the Press's fastest friends,

Just while it suits your private ends,

But not a moment longer.

## 9.

'Tis true, you did no other harm

Than causing a profound alarm

To my poor tim'rous master;

Who having printed ev'ry week

The *libels* which he *heard you speak*,

Dreaded some dire disaster.

## 10.

He therefore swore, altho' *your friend*,  
Such conduct he'd no more defend,  
And turn'd off all his *devils* ;  
From which misjudg'd resolve arose,  
As you may very well suppose,  
My complicated evils.

## 11.

For I could find nor work nor meat,  
And devils that have nought to eat  
In th' upper world, must die ;  
But devils of the shades beneath  
Nothing can starve or put to death,  
Such devil now am I.



## 13.

But you, false Statesman, still shall find  
Devils of ev'ry place and kind,  
Not dev'lish kind to you ;  
And since you once prov'd so uncivil  
To me, who was a Printer's *devil*,  
The Devil shall have his due !

## 13.

I'll pound your hated bones to nought !"  
And then his arm, as Ch—s G---y thought,  
He lifted to attempt it ;  
But at the first imagined stroke,  
Th' affrighted statesman screaming woke,  
And found he only dreamt it.

FINIS.



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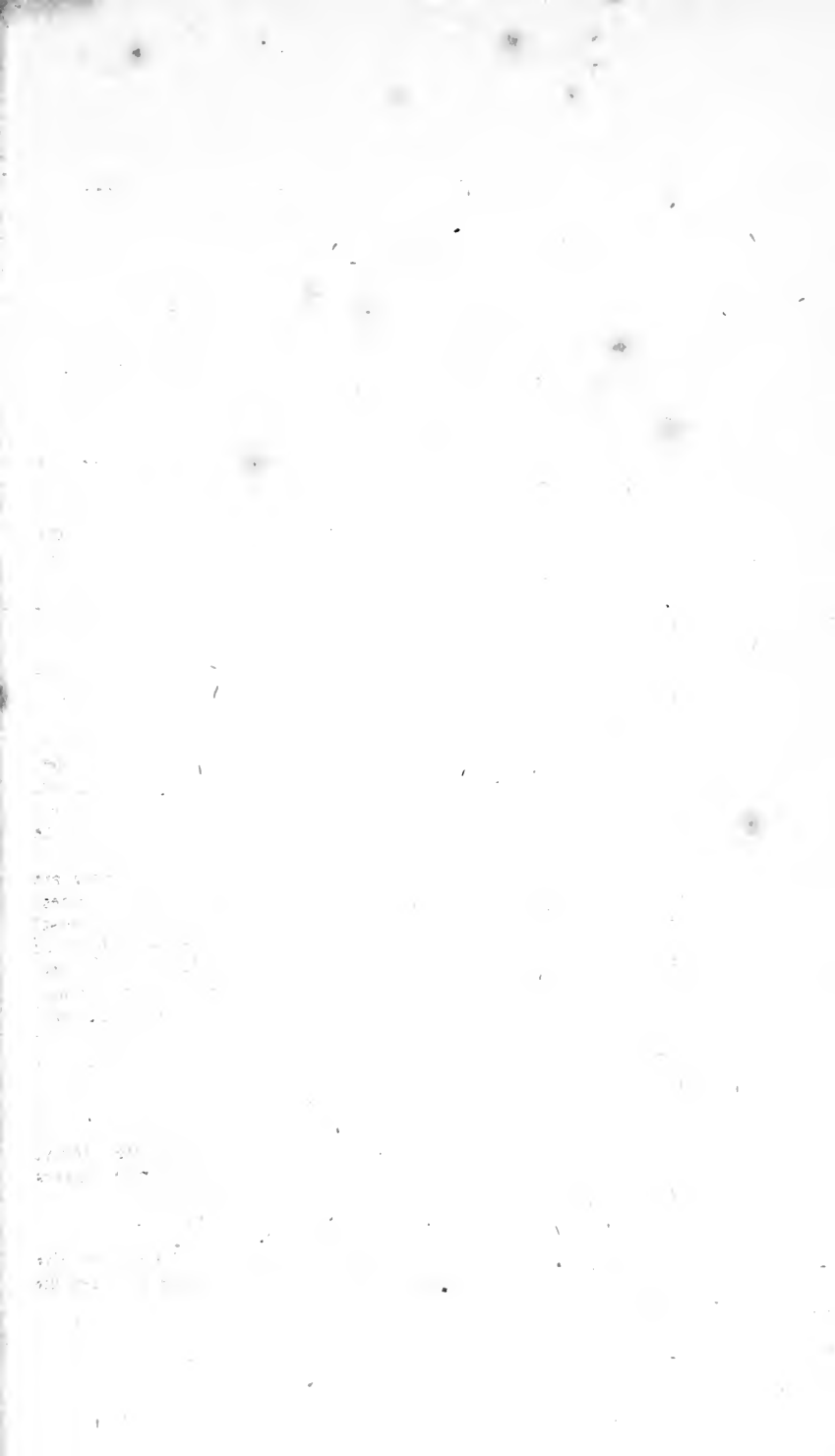
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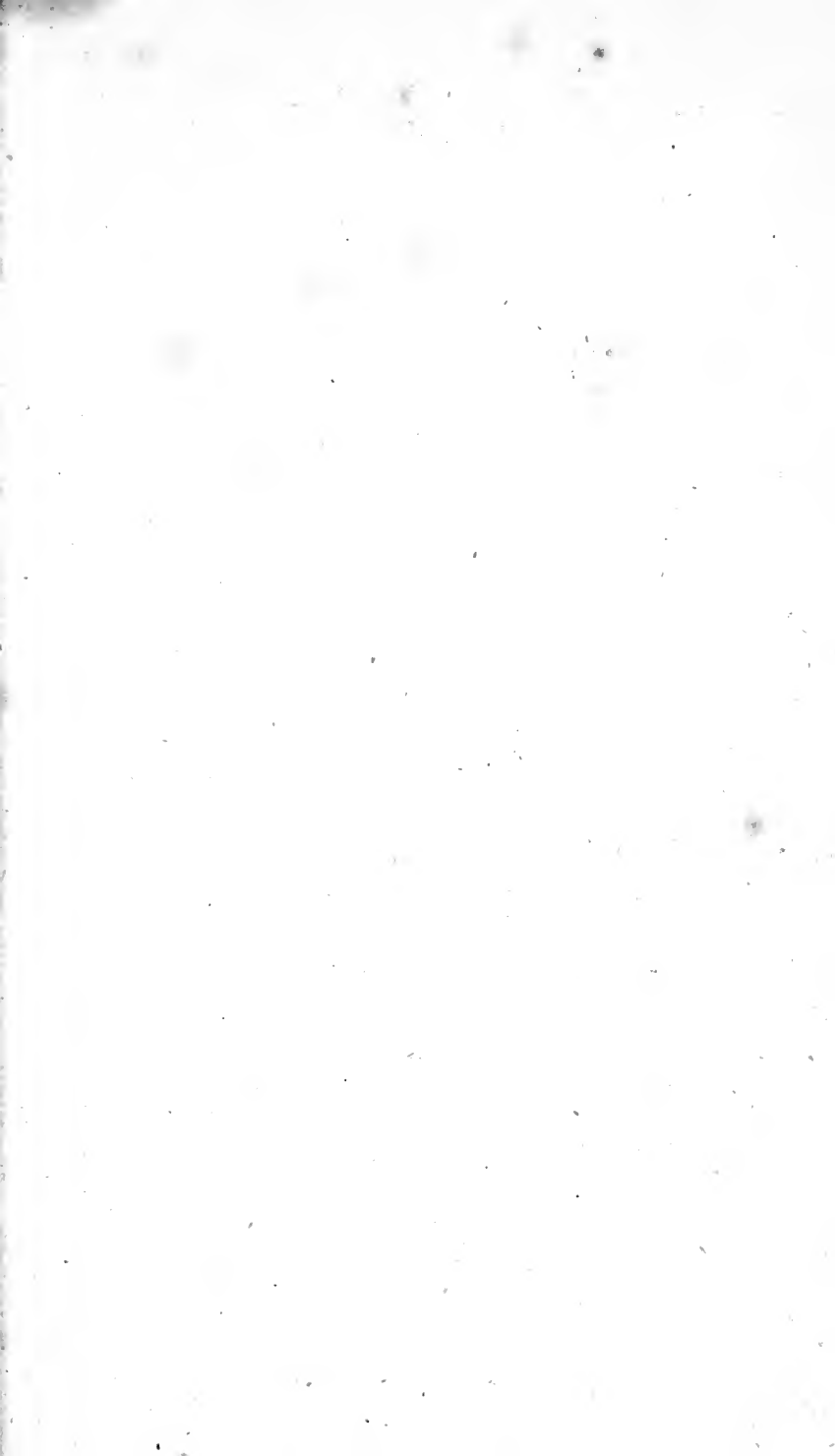
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